563 I then asked whether there were other stores in the kampong. He said there were several, mostly belonging to Chinese. Rahim said the Chinese live in a few houses along one street. He pointed them out saying that the Chinese, or at least some of them, had been there for a long time and speak Makassarese well. But, though they marry Makassarese girls, the children of such marriages never do, but instead follow their fathers' line. Evidently they marry Chinese. Thus it appeared that the Chinese breed mates for their own folk by first mating or marrying with local girls. Rahim added that although Chinese men married Makassarese girls, Makassarese men never married Chinese girls. This is understandable, as there are no Chinese girls until the second generation. Then they are considered Chinese and marry Chinese. I must ask about the
000 feeling toward the Chinese on various points. Rahim went to this kampong school, and then to an intermediate school in Makassar, and then, I suppose, to a higher school.

123 . As we left the store the lads asked if I would take them to
● 512 the mosque in my jeep. The old man especially said that it
562 was a long walk for him. Indeed it was so. In fact, I wondered if he would have done it if there had been no jeep. Four of them, including Rahim's father, piled in, and I took them to the mosque. This is Friday, and many people were walking in that direction. Rahim said that it was taboo for women, and there were no women going.

346 The mosque was quite a fine one, white, with (amazing!) an
177 old cremation urn at the top of one tower. Van Heekeren said this was usual. These urns were imported from China four to five hundred years ago, and were evidently used for ashes in Hindu days. But it is remarkable to me that one should be on top of a mosque!

285 I saw some very fine baskets in a store. One was varicolored with a round top which had words plaited in around the border. Perhaps I will buy it later.

342 Thus went the first day or at least the first morning. I will leave things alone for a while. And on Monday I will meet my assistant. My general impression of the houses in the kampong is one of a mixture. The good houses are built mainly of wood and thatch, but there are several of these which are poor and are falling down. Van Heekeren said that bamboo is scarce, hence the use of wood. And maybe that accounts for the lack of good repair in some cases. The people are pleasant and polite, I have been pleasantly impressed. I see very few women around here and wonder where they are. One sees many more in Java. And those one does see here, though often very fine, are not generally so handsome as the Javanese or Sundanese.

general agreement that there is a desire for at least one boy. 842
But evidently there is no strong feeling on this matter. Perhaps we again see a survival of the matrilineal system here? 611
I gave a long lecture on birth control, pessaries, etc. They [123]
listened breathlessly to what I said about planned families.
They said there simply was no control here. The more the
better. I talked at length regarding the future decision concerning quality versus quantity, and they listened in rather
a dead-pan style. I told them about the over-population of
Java and they were impressed. They said, laughingly, that
here no one sought medicine in order to have fewer children,
but that they did seek it to have more! This is all very interesting and they are clearly fascinated by my stories.

We quit at 6 P.M as the guru had to go to prayer. This is 512
Friday (or maybe he goes everyday).

This morning Andi told me that I had been accepted. The 123
people were no longer afraid of me, and I feel that this is 574
true. They are now glad to see me come. There is always 562
tea or coffee, and the cakes are not bad. Such fare must always be served to guests, and the Kepala kampong said that
if the women are not willing to serve food to guests there
may be trouble. I noticed that the women here never come
into the front when I am present, a difference from the behavior noted in Makassar. The tea, and so forth, is served
by the Kepala kampong or his son or a retainer. The Kepala 576
kampong, a hadji, is very ceremonious, and always bends
over and holds his left hand on his right wrist when he shakes
hands with me. The older people here always do so, while the
younger ones not so much.

September 7, 1949: Trip to Pampanua to see the padjoge. 595
Andi's brother, a policeman in Pampanua, had a child ten 852
days ago, and this calls for a six-day feast. He has several 574
houses and three wives although he is a young man. He is
sleek and good looking, and very sedate, though pleasant.
We arrived in Pampanua about six thirty and went first to a 000
house where the Sulewatang had lived at one time. On the way
we saw the kampong Welado which was formerly Badjo. Later
the Sulewatang said that there are some Badjo near Watampone (about twenty kilometers south) on the sea, about a
three-kilometer walk from the road. He said the children
soon after birth are ducked in the sea and they soon swim
like fish. They learn to handle boats early, and when they
marry they pair off for ten or fifteen days alone in a prau.
The man cooks in the stern and the woman in the bow. I am
not clear on this point, but evidently when consummated the
marriage is recognized by a signal which is raised. Thus the
marriage is completed.